Woodville Republican.

THREE DOLLARS A YEAR, IF PAID IN ADVANCE:

FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR, IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

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TERMS.

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POETRY.

THE WEAVER.

A weaver sat by the side of his loom,
A flinging his shuttle fast; [doom,
And a thread that would last till the hour of
Was added at every cast.

His warp had been by the angels spun,
And his weft was bright and new, [the sun
Like threads which the morning unbraids from
All jewelled over with dew.

And fresh-lipped, bright eyed, beautiful flowers
In the rich, soft web, were bedded;
And blithe tothe weaver sped onward the hours,
Not yet were time's feet leaded.

But something there came slow stealing by,
And a shade on the fabric fell;
And I saw that the shuttle less blithely did fly,
For thought hath a wearisome spell.

And a thread that next o'er the warp was lain
Was of melancholy gray,
And anon I marked there a tear-drop's stain,
Where the flowers had fallen away.

But still the weaver kept weaving on,
Though the fabric all was gray, [were gone
And the flowers, and the buds and the leaves
And the gold chain cankered lay.

And dark and still darker—and darker grew
Each newly woven thread;
And some were of a death-mocking hue,
And some of a bloody red.

And things all strange were woven in
Sighs, down-crushed hopes and fears,
And the webb was broken, and poor, and thin,
And it dripped with living tears.

And the weaver fain would have flung it aside,
But he knew it would be a sin;
So in light and in gloom the shuttle he plied,
A weaving these life-cords in.

And as he wove, and weeping still wove,
A tempter stole him nigh;
And with glozing words he to win him strove,
But the weaver turned his eye.

He upturned his eye to heaven,
And still wove on—on—on!
Till the last, last cord from his heart was riven,
And the tissue strange was done.

Then he threw it about his shoulders bowed,
And about his grizzled head,
And gathering close the folds of his shroud,
Lay him down among the dead.

And after I saw, in a robe of light,
The weaver in the sky,
The angels' wings were not more bright,
And the stars grew pale it nigh.

And I saw, 'mid the folds, all the Iris-hued flowers
That beneath his touch had sprung—
More beautiful far than these stray ones of ours,
Which the angels have to us flung.

And wherever a tear had fallen down,
Gleamed out a diamond rare;
And jewels befitting a monarch's crown,
Were the foot-prints left by care.

And wherever had swept the breath of a sigh,
Was left a rich perfume; [sky,
And with light from the fountain of bliss in the
Shone the labor of sorrow and gloom.

And then I prayed, when my last work is done,
And the silver life-cord riven,
Be the stain of sorrow the deepest one
That I bear with me to heaven.

PORTIONS OF THE SPEECH OF HON. BEVERLY TUCKER, OF VA.

And now, sir let us look at the dangers which are to attend disunion. Let us suppose a case, and consider the influence which will be brought to bear on those on whom the peace of this continent will depend. Let us suppose but five States—the States of Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, Alabama, and Mississippi—to withdraw from the Union, and from a Southern Confederacy. Their policy would be clearly pacific. What would be the policy of the rest of the world? Would the manufacturing States wish to rush into a war, which, while it lasted, would shut them out from the best market in the world? Would the shipping and commercial States wish to rush into a war which would throw the carriage of our rich and bulky productions into the hands of Europe, until our own commercial marine should have become adequate to our wants? I say nothing of the fatal consequences which would attend the loss of a supply of cotton to the spindles and looms of New England, because, although war should prevail, the laws of trade will be sure to carry the needed supply to the place of demand. This, indeed, must be of a circuitous route, and at an enormous expense. But on this I lay no stress. It would indeed prevent the Yankee from hoping to compete with the English manufacturer in markets open to both, while war would shut him out from this the chief and best market.

"And how long would such a war last?" asks Mr. Webster with a scornful scowl. "How long would it be before the fleets and armies of the north would sweep the coasts, and blockade the ports, and overrun and desolate the territory of the South, and turn the knives of the slaves against their master's throats?" How long? Sir, such a war will never be waged until Massachusetts shall have lost her senses, and be prepared to rush on self-destruction. Whence but from the Southern States comes the cotton that keeps in activity the spindles and looms of the North? Sir, the North would not dare to prosecute war with such activity, as even *to diminnish* the supply. Obtaining it, as she must do, from neutral ports, the North could only get what was left after supplying the demand of other countries, and any essential diminution would leave her nothing. But a war of desolation! Why, sir, such a war would re-act upon the North like the bursting of a cannon in a crowded ship, working ten times more mischief there than on the enemy. Do gentlemen consider the nature of great manufacturing establishments kept in operation by what they call free labor; the labor of those whose daily bread is the purchase of daily toil, and who, left without employment for a week, must starve, or beg, or rob. The mind of man has not conceived the wretchedness which the failure of one cotton crop would produce. Universal bankruptcy—universal ruin—the prostration of the wealthy, and the uprising of the suffering mass violently snatching from their beggared employers a portion of the scanty remnant of former abundance, to satisfy the wants of nature. Sir, when the overwhelming force of France threatened to invade and subjugate Holland, the Dutch cut their dykes and let in the ocean: the enemy withdrew, and all thought of again invading the soil of a people capable of defending their liberty by such sacrifices was abandoned forever. Here was a self-inflicted suffering which did but warn the enemy, without wounding him. But what if the people of the Southern States, goaded by insult and wrong, should determine on a much less sacrifice? What if, with one accord, they should agree to make no Cotton for a single season, except for their own factories, and apply all their labor to laying up a store of Grain for another year? The South could bear it sir. It would incommode many.—It would enrich some. It would ruin nobody here. And what would be the effect elsewhere? The mind of man cannot calculate it. The imagination of man cannot conceive it. *Horresco referens.* An earthquake shaking the Continent from the Potomac to the Lakes, swallowing up the British Isles, and overturning all that Revolution has left standing in France and Germany would be hardly more destructive. Sir, the pillars of the world would be shaken: and here stands the South, grasping them in her strong arm. Here she stands like old blind Sampson, sit to make sport for these Philistines who mock her degradation. Will she not make her prayer to God and bow herself in her might, not like him, to die with the Philistines, but to overwhelm them and stand unhurt amid the ruins? No, she will not. But this is always in her power; and this she will do, if ever her loathing detestation and scorn of her oppressors equals in acrimony and malignity their fierce philanthropy and insidious friendship.

Something like this would be the consequence to the North of any war with the South. Worse if possible than this would be the consequence of a war of desolation and emancipation. In that case the mischief would not be confined to the North. It would overspread the civilized world, in aggravated horror. In New England we can calculate it. The seven hundred millions of which the South has been robbed by the unequal operation of the Federal Government, has been realized, as they call it. It has been built into ships and factories; it has been paid out for barren lands at high prices only justified by these establishments; it has been built into palaces where merchant princes and manufacturers dwell in marble halls. There are no other objects of investment, and the boasted heaped up wealth of New England is just that—no more. Now take away the cotton and commerce of the South, and what do you see? The ships lie rotting at the wharves; the factories tumble into ruins; and skulking in corners of their marble palaces, the merchant princes, like those of Venice live meagerly on contributions levied on the curiosity of travellers. As to the laboring classes, the far west is open to them. What violence and rapine they may practice for a while under the teachings of Communism, Fourierism, Agrarianism, and other isms of the family of Abolitionism, it is not possible to say. But they will soon see that Communism if of little worth where there is nothing to divide, and that what they call the rights of labor cannot be enforced against those who have nothing to pay. They will be off to the West, sir, there to found a new Ohio on the banks of Wisconsin and Minesota. And Boston—? Look at Venice, sir. The history of Boston is so far the history of Venice. Venice enriched herself by the oppression and plunder of her subject provinces. Boston has done the same. Venice concentrated her ill-gotten wealth on the marshes of the Adriatic. Boston has heaped up hers upon a barren rock. The poison chalice has been commended to the lips of Venice, and she has in turn become the victim of misgovernment, while the trade of the world has found other channels; and behold she is a wilderness of marble in a waste of waters. Even such would be the mischiefs which Boston would pull down upon herself, by the suicidal step of warring against the South.

But look across the Atlantic, and suppose the madness and malignity of the North to hurry them into a desolating war against the cotton growing States. Other countries have more various resources than New England, and might have something to fall back on. England, for example, insular as she is, has land. But England has a superabundant population, and there are there not less than three millions of laborers of laborers whose very existence depends on cotton. They have no western country to fly to, and while the land of England is sufficient to feed them all, they will not starve, whether be work for them to do or no. There is something there for communism to divide—something for fourierism to experiment on. Let but the loom stand still for one month, and there will not be one stone left standing on another of the whole political and social fabric of England.

The statesmen of England know this, sir, and this it is that governs the foreign policy of England, and determines her to oppose her veto to any war that might disturb her commerce, and, through that, her manufactures, on which her very existence depends. The play of the shuttle is the pulse of life to her. Let it once stop and it beats no more. Nor is this confined to her. The same cause operates on every powerful nation of Western Europe, and hence that long, unnatural peace, which, for more than thirty years, has covered Europe as with a death pall, and produced and prepared more suffering and more causes of mischief than half a century of war had ever done. But the evil is upon them, and they dare not shake it off. However the angry spirit of rival nations may chafe at the restraint; however the plethora of redundant population may call for the letting of blood, the immense fixed capital invested in manufacturing establishments, and the multitudinous population whose bread depends upon them, compel the world to peace. It is indeed but a peace of suppressed hostility, of stifled envy, of insidious rivalry, and its consequences make us feel the full force of the woe denounced against those who cry "peace, peace! when there is no peace." But there is no escape from it. In the cant of the day, "the spirit of the age demands it—the spirit of the age is essentially pacific."

What then, sir, would all Europe say to any attempt on the part of the Northern States, or of every power upon earth, to lift a hand against the cotton growing region, and interrupt the production of that article. The power of wealth would oppose it—the cry of famine would forbid it—the universal nakedness of mankind would forbid it; the united offise of all the civilized world would command the peace. The Southern States of this Union are confessedly the only cotton growing country in the world, and slave labor the only means by which it can be produced. Whatever may be their spite against us, and however they may cant about slavery, they will be careful to do nothing to interfere with the production of cotton. Had Orpheus been the only man in the world, sir, the nymphs, however enraged, would never have killed him.

All this time I have spoken as if our dead sister, Massachusetts, and the rest of that sisterhod, were to have the matter their own way. I have no notice of the fact, that although North Carolina and Virginia, Tennessee and Kentucky, might not be at once prepared to join the Southern confederacy, they would feel that their interests were identified with it, and refuse to join in a crusade against the defenders of their rights. They would have a voice in the question of peace and war. They might indeed be outvoted, but would a vote retain them, and would the North press a measure which would be sure to force them into the Southern confederacy? The exemplary patience of Virginia is a proof that she fondly recollects, that to her, more than to any other State, this Union owes its existence. She will be the last to dissolve it violently, because she will be the last to forget the proud and endearing recollections of the past, and to lift her hand against those she has so long cherished as brothers. But let her be told she must fight somebody, and she will not be long in deciding whom she will fight. Tell her to regard and treat as enemies the Southern States, peopled mainly by herself—to imbrue her hands in the blood of her own children, and her answer is ready in the words of Harry Percy:

"Not speak of Mortimer!
Forbid my tongue to speak of Mortimer!
Yes, I will speak of him; and may my soul
Want mercy if I do not join with him."

Sir, Virginia did not approve the attitude assumed by South Carolina in 1833. What then? Was she prepared to lift a hand against her? On the contrary, she now remembers with pride, that her Governor then declared, that before one foot should cross the Potomac on a hostile errand against South Carolina, he would lay his bones on its shores. That was old John Floyd, sir, a man "who never promised, but he meant to pay;" and, thank God, there stands now another John Floyd in his father's place, to repeat and make good his father's word.

But suppose the few remaining Southern States not to be driven to the necessity of choosing their enemy. Suppose, as would be the case, that no warlike attempt should be made, how long would those States be content to remain under the grinding misgovernment which taxes them for the benefit of their masters in the North, while witnessing the prosperity of their southern brethren living under a revenue tariff, and enjoying the blessings of free trade? With a modest, economical government, such as a mere central agency for independent states ought to be, a moderate revenue would suffice, and nothing would prevent the acceptance of the overtures for free trade, now made by all commercial nations. These are not accepted now, sir, because mainly beneficial to the South. And who cares for the South? What is the South? An ass of the tribe of Isaachar, "bowed down between two burthens," thirty millions to be paid into the Treasury, and twice as much more to go into the pockets of the Northern manufacturers. What if Lord Palmerston should offer now, in return for a reduction of our tariff to a revenue standard, to take off the English duty of seventy-five cents on our tobacco. Would it be accepted? No, sir, no. It would but enrich the tobacco states, and what do our masters care for them? On the other hand, let a Southern confederacy, in adopting the free trade overture, ask a differential abatement of ten cents of this duty in their favor, and how long would Virginia and North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, and even Maryland and Missouri, delay to avail themselves of the arrangement? Depend upon it, sir, such a confederacy as I have supposed would hardly be formed before every slaveholding state in the Union would seek admission into it. The prestige of Union once dispelled by a partial secession, the middle states would be at no loss to choose between union with their Southern brethren, or with their Northern enemies, persecutors and slanderers.

But the thing would not stop here, sir. Pennsylvania at this moment, with all the advantages of a protective tariff, finds her manufacturers often on the verge of bankruptcy. A tariff may protect her against the competion of European manufactures, but not against the superior skill and capital of New England. Against this she contends as well as she can in the markets of the South. Take that away and she will sink at once. Even now Massachusetts grudges her the benefit of the protection which only enables her to hold up her head. But let the Southern victims of that oppressive system emancipate themselves from it, and my life upon it, five years will not pass over before it is abolished. What then will be the condition of Pennsylvania, placed on the border between a Northern confederacy, in which she is overshadowed by a superior capital and skill, and a southern confederacy of which she might become the work-shop? A revenue tariff of ten per cent. would be worth more to Pennsylvania as a member of a southern confederacy, than forty per cent. is now—more than all that protection could do for her, were the south withdrawn from the Union.

Let us look a little to the west, sir. I begin with Illinois, because she reaches farthest south; because she is nearest to New Orleans and furthest from New York; and because she begins to be aware that slaves are wanted in the southern part of the State, and seems not quite insensible to the propriety of letting such of her people have them as have need of them. Now, what will be her situation? No man admires more than I that noble system of inland navigation that connects the waters of the Mississippi with the Lakes. But tolls and tow paths are expensive things, and canals are sometimes broken by floods, sometimes laid dry by drought, and winter rarely fails with his icy breath to close up the navigation of the lakes. But the Mississippi—broad, deep and full—is ever open to bear on its flowing bosom all the bulky and weighty products of Illinois, at the lowest possible rate of expense. I am aware, sir, that the laws of nations would secure to the States on the waters of that river, a free passage to the ocean. But that law would not exempt them from imposts and from export duties, and from all the inconveniences which must be encountered by those who necessarily pass through a foreign country to get to their own. A great river, such as the Mississippi, like an iron clamp, holds together all the country penetrated by its tributaries, and no amount of human perverseness can long prevent them from blending into one "like kindred drops."

A DISMAL PROSPECT.—A young lady of eighteen, Miss B. was engaged to be married to a gentleman of thirty-six. Her mother having noticed her low spirits for some time, inquired the reason. "Oh dear, mama," replied the young lady, "I was thinking about my husband being twice my age." "That's true, but he's only thirty-six" "He's only thirty-six now, mamma, but—when I'm sixty—" "Well." "Oh dear, why then he'll be a *hundred and twenty.*"

A HINT TO MOTHERS.—Rising early is a habit of high importance to fix in children, and, forming it, there is greater facility than in other cases. They usually retire to bed sometimes before their parents, and at day light, or at least at sunrise, are generally awake and anxious to rise. Many of them are actuly bred up with difficulty to the habit of taking a morning nap which, when once formed, generally prevails through life

ADDRESS OF DR. T. C. BROWN.

Brothers, Companions and Fellow-Citizens: Called together as we are to day, to perform the sad duty of depositing the remains of our brother and friend in their last resting place, it is proper that we should take a survey of his life and character as developed in his intercourse with us.

James Colhoun was a native of Ireland. He came to the United States while a mere boy, and was a resident of the State of Georgia for a number of years; and, while residing in Columbus of that State, he commenced the study of law, but finding his means too limited to permit the accomplishment of his design, he became a mechanic.

When about twenty-four years old he became a resident of this town, and engaged in working at his trade, as a saddler. He was industrious and faithful in the discharge of his duties to his employer; and although intimately known to but few in this community, yet those few formed for him a strong and abiding attachment.

In January, 1844, he joined the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, in this place, and became a member of Wilkinson Lodge, No. 10, and, during the prevalence of the yellow fever of '44, in this place, he proved the reality of his profession of "Friendship, Love and Truth," by his active zeal in carrying into practical operation the charitable teachings of Odd Fellowship, in waiting on and ministering to the relief of the sick and suffering, not only of the brotherhood, but to others not connected with the order. As he was a stranger in a strange country, without family or relative near him to bind him to the privations and danger of remaining in the midst of those terrible scenes of distress, suffering and death, caused by the epidemic among us, yet, prompted by a sense of duty, and actuated by the magnanimity of a noble heart, he remained among us, and went forth, night and day, like an angel of mercy, ministering to the relief of the suffering, and sympathising with the distressed. Being among the earliest subjects of the disease, neither the debility of his system, nor the fearfully fatal consequences of a relapse, could deter him from his post of danger. Often did he perform the duties of *nurse, cook* and *servant*, while attending to the sick. And when the consternation, produced by the desolating influence of the disease, had driven all that could get away, from the town, with their families and servants, and so great a number of those who remained were prostrated by the disease, that it was difficult, if not impossible, to procure laborers, he performed the office of grave-digger. Those with whom he watched and labored, (and there are many of them among us now,) blessed him then, and will continue to recollect, with grateful hearts, his noble acts of kindness, and feel that this community owes him a tribute of high respect, which we are pleased to believe, they will soon achieve, in the erection of a neat monument to his memory.

After this, he continued working at his trade; and so discharged his duties as an Odd Fellow, that the confidence of his brothers passed him through the Chairs of the Subordinate Lodge, and, as a Past Grand, he became a member of the Grand Lodge of Mississippi.

In May, 1846, under a call upon the State of Mississippi for volunteers to aid Gen. Taylor, he joined as a private, and, before the Company left for their rendezvous, he was elected to the office of Second Lieutenant. Here again his sense of duty to his adopted country placed him in a field of danger, and gave him another opportunity to display those traits of character which dignify and ennoble the man. One of his companions in arms writes, "There was no duty of the soldier from which he shrank. On the march he was enduring; and often did he call upon himself the blessings of his fellow soldier in the ranks, by relieving him from the burden of his arms and equipments, which he was too weak to bear. He assumed none of those preogatives of a short-lived command, to assert superiority over those under him. He was firm, yet mild. He was a companion around the camp-fire, and a friend to the soldier whenever his services were needful. He was always prompt and cheerful in the discharge of any duty assigned him. He was a soldier in every sense, and fully deserved the notice taken of his conduct by the commander-in-chief, at the battle of Monterey; and well merited the respectful memory sacredly held for him by his companions in arms of that year of service in Mexico.

After the expiration of his term of service in Mexico, he returned and remained among us till the fall of 1849, when he removed to the little town of Waterproof in Louisiana, where he had remained but a short time till he sickened and died of the cholera. He was taken on Sunday, the 18th of November, and died in eight hours, aged about thirty-four; and, in obedience to his request, we have removed his remains to this place for their final interment.

After this brief survey of his course through life, it is natural that we should send forth the enquiry, "Shall this dead body live?" Shall all that is great and noble in man sink into the grave to be seen, and felt, and known no more? Shall we sorrow as those without hope? 'Tis certain that the Odd Fellow believes in a future state of immortality! else, what means that sprig of evergreen, which he silently deposits in the grave of the deceased brother. The Emblems, the Lectures, and that Sacred Book, which lies upon the altar, and from which the Odd Fellow draws his moral code—all, all teach that there is a future state of existence, and allow us to indulge the pleasing hope that our brother shall live again; that this body which is sown in corruption, shall be raised in incorruption; which is sown in dishonor, shall be raised in glory; which is sown in weakness, shall be raised in power; which is sown a natural body, shall be raised a spiritual body—for this corruptible body must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. Let us then join with St. Paul, in saying, "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ," and let us endeavor so to work in this Terrestial Lodge, that when the earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved, we may have a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, and may be permitted to rest in the Celestial Lodge above, where the Grand Master of the Universe presides, and where angels and the spirits of just men made perfect, will be our brothers and companions forever and ever. Amen.

FORTH OF JULY TOAST.—"Old Bachelors—Leafless trunk in a garden of roses. Each dwelling is to them a suggestion; each bird's nest a standing admonition."

HAD'NT NOTHING BUT INGENS.—A gentleman once upon a time entered a small shop in which vegetables were kept for sale, and inquired of the proprietor if he had any "onions?"

"Onions, onions," repeated the puzzled vegetable dealer, "onions!—no, sir, I believe not."

After the gentleman had left, the perplexed vegetable man scratched his head for a moment and then, as if struck with a sudden solution of the mystery, exclaimed—"*I wonder if the darned eternal ignorant fool did'nt mean ingens!*

There is a man in Boston the father of two rompish daughters, who attributes their "wildness" to feeding on *caper sauce*, of which they are excessively fond. He is second cousin to the man who, to prevent his girls running off with the young men, fed them on *cantelope Melons.*

THE OKRA PLANT AND ITS USES.—"Nota Bene," in his last letter to the Concordia Intelligencer, says:

In one of my letters, sometime last year, I stated that the common okra plant had been ascertained to be an admirable article for fattening sheep, and that they preferred it to any other food, greedily devouring first the leaves and twigs, then the stalks, and finally the roots. There is no plant, if properly cultivated, that will yield more succulent forage to the acre. The seeds, it is well known, when parched and ground, make a better substitute for coffee than either of the numerous articles used in the adulteration of that berry, and when carefully prepared, is really superior to new Havana or Rio. I now send you some tow and a specimen of twine, made from the filaments of the okra stalk, by Mr. Jean Blanc, an ingenious Frenchman, who has applied for a patent for his discovery, and the machinery to put it in practice. He subjects the green stalk to the process of dew or wafer-rotting. It requires a much shorter time for maceration than hemp; and from it he produces a thread stronger than the Manilla grass, and admirably adapted for twine, cordage, cables, mats, seines, carpeting, like those beautiful grass fabrics which were in vogue some years ago, for gentlemen's pants, and which I believe, in some "questionable shape," the ladies still patronise.—Please exhibit these specimens to those who think that your meridian can grow nothing but cotton, and who scout the idea that anything worth buying can be produced at home. I am happy to inform you that Mr. Blanc has conducted his experiments under the patronage of one of the most liberal and practical merchants in this community, Colonel Maunsel White, who entertains no doubt of the success of the manufacture.